



## DRESSING THE TOTS

BRIGHT COLORS BEST FOR SMALL CHILDREN.

Russian Blouses Becoming to Boys and Girls Alike—Striped and Tiny Checks and Plaid Gingham Are Much in Favor.

Some parents dress their children in white all the year round and at all times of the day, but even for very small tots this scheme is not a practical one. In the nursery or kindergarten a child should not be hampered in playing for fear of soiling of muslin. The dainty linen frock and a bright colored, tiny, pink or brown linen dress is really best during the warm



Two Nursery Frocks

not. The Russian blouse, too, still worn by small girls and boys alike, and this style of dress in a becoming color, relieved only by bands of white, linen or muslin, and a smart little bow at the neck, is still a favorite model. Gingham and suspender dresses are, however, just as good in color, and as soon as the girl graduates from the Russian blouse or suspender a striped dress is appropriate for any age, and is even fashionable for the grown-up, and of course this is a most sensible style of costume for a little girl, as by cutting on a fresh couple each day when the dress becomes soiled, it softens the gown can be kept looking clean and fresh for longer than is otherwise possible.

## COMBINE SASHES AND SCARVES.

Fancy Forms of Bretelles Much Used as Ornamentation.

Sashes and sleeves are important details of spring and summer toilettes, both being capable of the widest variety.

Only in ultra-dressy gowns will one find the sash arranged with any show of elaboration, but it is largely employed in simple effects for important frocks of dignity, lawn, mill etc. As far as sleeves are concerned, the Japanese armhole and various adaptations is yet much in evidence, though there is no question that some of the leading dressmaking establishments are inaugurating a movement from Japanese effects.

Terminating in long fringed ends, bretelles have taken on all sorts of fancy forms and are used to garnish both day and night frocks. These combined sashes and scarves are generally made in non-descript de soie, gauze or flax, not richly embroidered in colored beads, pearls or gold and silver thread embroidery. They are very effectively worn at the side or back of some chiffon, batiste or muslin toilette de dinner. The sash of satin, sough fringed with knotted strands of silk, combines an effective adornment for a plain princess robe.



Remember that excessive exercise wears away fat, while moderate exercise develops it.

If you want to strengthen the muscles of the throat both inside and out try puffing out the cheeks and at the same time blowing hard with the lips.

In getting any tooth powder in quantity it is better to take out but a small

striped and tiny checks and plaid gingham in bright shades of blue and pink make attractive dresses for the morning, and then all the plain colored and striped linens are always attractive when made very simple, the white gowns giving a youthful and becoming finish.

For a party frock or for dancing school, the most exciting of all parties to the average youngster, white is always the most attractive, but the white dress may be relieved by a bright colored sash and shoulder bows, and a colored lawn or silk slip worn occasionally under the white frock will give an effect of variety and make the little trousseau seem more plentifully stocked. Flowered organ-dies and soft French mousselines are extremely pretty for dancing frocks and made up with ruffles and flounces edged with lace and white lace yoke and sleeves the little flowered gowns are quite fascinating.

Pink is the favorite shade in all flowered dresses, as there are few flowered designs in which blue can be introduced, and all the other shades of yellow, orange, green, etc., are not sufficiently soothing. A faint shade of yellow or a delicate apple green is sometimes seen for tiny girls, but is not suitable generally only in the ribbon trimmings, not in the material itself. With these exquisite skins and bright, soft coloring, there are few children to whom both pink and blue are not equally becoming, so that when a flowered gown is selected pink will surely be perfect, whereas if the gown is white and a bright colored ribbon is desired, pink and blue are both sure to make the little one look charming.

White sashes are being worn even more and among the new sashes there are to be found many extremely pretty designs. Wide double-faced satin ribbons edged with a silk fringe of the same shade is effective in white, as well as in the more noticeable colors. Flowered and Dresden ribbons are also used, and when bordered with a deep silk fringe introducing one of the most prominent shades in the design, are most attractive. Broad, more colored Roman sashes are charming with the dainty lingerie frocks, especially when the baby ribbon and shoulder bows are of the same ribbon in a narrower width.

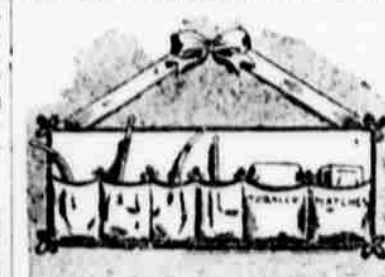
## MAKES FOR SMOKER'S COMFORT.

Pipe Rack a Welcome Present for Lover of the Weed.

Here is a useful little present for a man friend. It may be made in art serge, linen or Roman satin. First a foundation of cardboard must be cut; it may be arranged to hold as many pipes as required, for our model portion at a time for daily use, as, if exposed to the air, it absorbs moisture.

It is a mistake to tuck the night-dress under the pillow by day, as is the habit with many. First air it thoroughly and then hang it in the closet.

If you ever are troubled with hiccups and thumping noises in the ears, a physician should be consulted, at once, as the hearing is too delicate to be trifled with.



the card is 18 inches long and seven deep. This is covered with the material selected, which must be strained evenly over one side, and the back lined with linen or satin. The strip that forms the pockets is about 22 inches long and 3 1/4 deep. It will be firmer if lined; the upper edge must be finished with cord that should be arranged in loops at the point dividing the pockets, a little longer space being allowed for the tobacco pouch, or box and matches, than for the pipes; now place the strip on the foundation and stitch as shown to form the pockets, also at the ends and lower edge; finish all the edges with cord arranged with loops at the corners. Sew ribbon at each end, with a bow in the center, by which to suspend the rack.

## "JIMMY" MUMMY MODERN MARVEL

CORPSE EMBALMED BY PENNSYLVANIA UNDERTAKER SEEMS PERFECTLY PRESERVED.

## FEAT ATTRACTS SCIENTISTS

J. P. Ross Believes He Has Discovered Process of Treating the Dead Which Was Used by the Ancient Egyptians.

Brownsville, Pa.—This little village, 50 miles up the river from Pittsburgh, was visited by a lot of scientific-looking people the other day, each of whom visited the undertaking rooms of J. P. Ross, whose "mummy" is now attracting such wide attention. Among the visitors were two who had been sent by the Carnegie museum at Pitt-



"Jimmy."

burg. Every one insisted on feeling the face of "Jimmy," as the mummy has been named, and, after contact with the hard, cold features, each went away certain that Ross had something new—while he may not have discovered the secret which for centuries was looked for in the pyramids, certainly something more than is known to the average undertaker.

"I have received many offers for my secret for my Jimmy, but I guess we old boys will stick together," said Ross, as he affectionately stroked the face of the man who was killed here seven weeks ago. "Jimmy" and I have been working out a problem which was solved in the time of the Pharaohs, but the answer was mislaid. I think I have solved it. I believe I have at last found the secret of embalming bodies so that they will keep for many years. Anyway, I am so certain that I don't care to dispose of my secret nor let Jimmy" out of my sight. If I am right it will prove a blessing to mankind. If I'm wrong there will be nothing to say and no one will have gotten the worst of it, save Jimmy."

"I have been working on this secret in embalming for the past 22 years," said Mr. Ross, "but this is the first time I have found things working right. It is the first time I have had a perfect subject to work on, and now for seven weeks I have been injecting this new fluid into the corpse, and I have obtained remarkable results. First the face began to harden and it is now as hard as marble. Anyone who doubts this can investigate, as I have nothing secret except my fluid, which I make myself, and which secret will be kept in my family. The body is in better shape than when it was carried in here, limp and lifeless, seven weeks ago. It has been looked

at by scores of physicians, and they are all of this opinion."

Ross was one of the first undertakers of the country to find that chloride of zinc would not do well as an ingredient of embalming fluid, as it had a tendency to make the bodies copper colored. Some years since he substituted another ingredient to use with formaldehyde in embalming, and met with such good results that he decided to go further with a test which he had figured out many years before. It has been eight months since he completed his test and was ready for the human body in which to make his great test, but he had difficulty in securing one.

One of the Pittsburgh hospitals offered to allow him to use its laboratory, and would furnish a body if the hospital were allowed to share in the discovery, but this Ross refused to consider, as he wanted the secret for his very own.

When the unknown man was killed near his place, seven weeks ago, Ross got the body, and found that there was not a break on the almost perfect corpse. There were no claimants, and in a few weeks' time Ross sent word to the coroner of Washington county that he was about to make an important scientific test and he wanted the body for his very own. The coroner gave him the permission asked, and has himself been an interested spectator at many of the injections.

Ross said that he would spend his last cent now to keep any relative from claiming the body, as he has put his whole life's work into it. It would be an easy thing for any relative to identify the body, as the face is most lifelike.

## WOMAN CLIMBS HIGH SMOKESTACK IN WIND

DESCRIBES SENSATIONS LIKE THOSE OF ONE MAKING ASCENSION IN A BALLOON.

London.—Mrs. Larkins, the wife of the London steplejack who repaired the Nelson column the other day, successfully climbed the Allans' smokestack in Canal road, Mile End, which is 170 feet high.

There was a high wind blowing at the time, and Mrs. Larkins, who was seated in a steplejack's seat (a piece of board tied to the end of a rope) had frequently to steady herself by grasping the iron hoops encircling the stack.

"I always thought I would like to go up a steple," said Mrs. Larkins, "but I had never made an ascent, though I would dearly have loved to accompany my husband when he repaired the Nelson column. It is not very often that he gets work as near home as Allans' smokestack, and so when my little boy, Willie, came home from school we went down to watch the work."

"Then I was suddenly seized with the old craving to climb, too. My husband put me into the steplejack's seat, and up I went. Willie had gone a few minutes before with his father, but 60 feet was considered enough for him."

"At this height my husband suggested my returning to the ground, too, but by this time I was enthusiastic to mount higher. I suppose the sensation is something similar to what one would experience in a balloon."

"Gradually everything and everybody got smaller; the men calling their goods on the pavement, the women hanging out their washing in the yards, the motor cars rushing down the Mile End road. The sensation of steadily rising was splendid. Then I reached the top. That was the only part I didn't like. While the cradle was in motion it was delightful, but once it became stationary my one idea was to get down again."

"I could never work up there; I defy any woman to. Even if they were in men's dress (which would be imperative for a steplejack's sake) no woman could be a steplejack."

## TRADES TILL HE'S NAKED.

Victim of Swapping Mania Forced to Wear an Empty Barrel.

Taunton, Mass.—L. C. Scrivens met with half a dozen traveling traders on the outskirts of the town the other night. They wanted to swap horses, and he started in.

From horses down to clothes they traded, and when they got through Scrivens went to a neighboring house and borrowed an empty barrel to clothe his nakedness in for the two-mile walk through town to the police station.

After Scrivens told his tale the police fitted him out with blue clothes to get home, and then they went down and arrested the traders. They got back for Scrivens a horse, a watch, \$15 in money, and all the clothes that a man wears.

## Masculine Imagination.

Some men make mountains out of mole hills and then sell them for sure in resorts.—Dallas News.

## Tramp Returns Good for Evil.

Middletown, N. Y.—The family of Mark Linderman of Pulverdale, Pa., have a better opinion of tramps today than formerly, and all because of the treatment a tramp gave their little puddle.

A ragged, forlorn looking tramp started to enter the yard of the Linderman home, but was told to make himself scarce about that section. The tramp started down the road pursued by the little dog. A team was driving past and ran over the animal, injuring it, and the tramp tenderly picked up the dog and carried it back to the house.

This act so touched the hearts of the Linderman family that they forthwith invited the tramp in, gave him a good meal, some old clothes and some money.

## The Point of View.

"Well, old man, after all, there's no place like home."

"I know it, darn it! But what 'm I going to do?—I can't think of any place else to go!"—Cleveland Leader.



## A LESSON

How, by God's Way, Which Is Not Our Way, Easter Spoke Its Old Message of New Life

It was a sad Easter for Mrs. Farnham. Three times since the lilies last blossomed had death come to her house. Her mother, her husband and her boy had filled her heart. Lacking them, it was empty, and it ached with a strange perplexed grief, a confused question as to the purpose of her life, which now seemed to her a shrunk and withered thing.

She went to church on Easter morning because her beautiful house was intolerable to her, rather than because she expected to find comfort. The masses of white flowers, with the suggestiveness of their heavy fragrance, carried her back to the funerals of the last year. The familiar words of the service sounded like mockery to her.

"Let us keep the feast," "Even so, a Christ shall all be made alive," "Set your affection on things above, not on things on earth." One by one she caught at the phrases, only to find each was powerless to help her.

The hymn was no better: "The victory is over, the battle done, The victory of life is won!"

For her strife was just beginning, and defeat instead of victory seemed her fate. She could not lift herself out of her personal woes far enough to apply the words to anything but herself.

She left the church, avoiding speech with any one, and with her heart like ice in her bosom, she took an electric car toward her desolate home.

A half block before her house was reached the car stopped with a suddenness which startled the passengers. Mrs. Farnham got off, thinking that she would walk the few remaining steps; but she saw the motorman with a white face raising a small boy in his arms from under the fender of the car. The little fellow was unconscious, and there was an ugly bruise on his temple and a deep cut on his neck. Before Mrs. Farnham realized what she was doing the child was carried into her house, and she was enlisted with the doctors in a fight for his life.

For a week the issue was doubtful. Consciousness flickered and wavered, but would not come back. Meantime Mrs. Farnham had learned that the boy was nobody's child. He had sold papers since he was hardly more than a baby. He had lived wherever he could find a shelter, and had eaten whatever he could get. The fact of home was something he had never experienced. The grieving woman forgot her grief in her devotion to the wail who had been cast at her door by the strange decree of what we call accident.

The day came when the boy's heavy eyelids lifted and his childish curiosity at his surroundings unloosed his tongue. To open to him the doors of new life was the most wonderful of joys for his foster-mother. After his long silence it was as if he had come back from the dead. That he could talk and laugh and eat and love seemed like a proof of the power of life over death. Somehow Mrs. Farnham came to believe that it was such a proof, and that it was sent to her in her desolation.

Out of the boy's almost fatal accident there was wrought for him the miracle of home and love, and the opportunity for an educated and useful manhood, and for the grieving woman the springtime brought new hope as the wintry winter passed. By God's way, which is not our way, Easter spoke its old message of new life—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

## Custom Not Christian Alone.

The giving of eggs at Easter is derived from the old nature worship, and is not confined to the Christian nations. The Parsees of Persia and India distribute eggs at the opening of spring, and in many other nations the giving of eggs at the commencement of spring is as common as New Year's gifts with us. In Hungary the boys sprinkle the girls with rose water and receive eggs in return.